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NURSES' MAGAZINE



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HASTINGS MEMORIAL HOSPITAL NURSES' MAGAZINE

Editorial

Dear Readers,

We have much pleasure in presenting this
fourteenth edition of the Nurses' Magazine.

We sincerely thank the Matron, Miss Hall,
Doctors, Sisters, Nurses and all those concerned
who by their help have made enjoyable our task
of presenting this NURSES' MAGAZINE.

REGISTERED STAFF

Miss Hall

Sister Sinclair	Sister Anderson	Sister O'Malley	S/N. Fowler
Sheppard	Carlisle	Broughton	Gooch
Law	Sturm	Tate	Ellis
Batkin	Nees	Deller	Scholota
Mitchell	Grundy	Hobbs	Krogh
Saville	Whimp	Syme	Peacock
McNeice	Couch	S/N. Northe	Sherwood
Simpson	Christenson	Bate	Bakker
Cox	Brock	Alderson	Newman
Henderson	Crowley	McLeod	

Maternity Staff

Miss Down

Sister Sidwell	Sister Anderson	Sister Kerr	Sister George
Brown	Bird	Jackson	S/N. Daniells
Bode	Wooderson	Campbell	Letford

Tutorial Staff

Sister McNeill

Sister Price	Sister Cooper	Sister Wills	Sister Campbell (Maternity)
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STUDENT NURSE STAFF

Class List

H. Burden	L. Ashcroft	B. Ballantyne
J. Clarke	D. Boese	E. Batson
S. Davis	A. Double	A. Carberry
V. Gallagher	M. Hodson	C. Carney
B. Harvey	M. Holt	E. Field
G. Hole	S. Jack	J. Flack
M. Hole	L. Littleworth	J. Gilray
C. Kelly	C. Love	I. Ibbotson
B. McCullough	J. Lowe	J. Martin
M. McNeil	S. McClurg	D. Ousey
D. Modini	G. O'Brien	C. O'Dowd
A. Paterson	M. Palmer	J. Scott
C. Smith	R. Stock	S. Shaw
I. Smith	J. Tucker	J. Shimasaki
M. Williams	A. Williams	J. Simpson
D. Willoughby		F. Wi Repa
H. Whyte		M. Wishart
		H. Wycherly

J. Abel
B. Cowen
E. Currie
J. Fraser
J. Glew
K. Hardy
F. Harvey
A. Hurford
D. Inglis
P. King
J. Knight
H. Liddle
P. Maloney
M. Morten
P. Murray
J. McDonald
B. McEwen
A. Sell
D. Syme
L. Smith
B. Wilson

J. Allen
H. Ballantyne
A. Bridgman
N. Cater
C. Cullinane
J. Dyer
A. Edgecombe
L. Ford
S. Glenly
E. Hallgarth
J. Littlejohn
E. Low
B. McKay
I. Peters
S. Power
J. Ritchie
B. Sanderson
J. Simmons
G. Smith
P. Wareham
J. Williams

J. Bennett
M. Breuer
N. Campbell
B. Hooper
R. Hopa
M. MacGregor
B. Marsh
C. Underwood
C. Walker
P. Wolff
B. Wolfram
N. Yorke

Tutorial Staff

G. Aitchison
T. Alama
D. Barry
P. Commerer
S. Dolbel
J. Eaton

M. Edlin
S. Elvidge
E. Fletcher
J. Frew
M. Hope
B. Jeffries

A. Kilford
M. Kilford
J. Langford
W. Lawton
H. McLeod
H. Orr

J. Ryan
V. Smith
M. Still
R. Wheadon
M. Wills

Maternity Staff

N. Forbes
N. Williams
N. Martin
N. Gardiner
N. Winiata
N. Davies

N. Terry
N. Parker
N. Ward
N. Kelly
N. Fleming
N. Cairney
N. Hobbs
N. Simpson

N. Aitchison
N. Anderson
N. Boardman
N. Gorten
N. Hobbs
N. Killiher
N. Puanaki
N. Ruawai

Foreword



The Magazine Committee bring to you the 1961 edition of the Nurses' Magazine. As usual this has meant a lot of hard work, and we are grateful to the committee for all the time that they have spent in this way.

This year has seen many changes in and around the Hospital, the main event being the opening of the new Surgical and Administration Block by the Hon. Minister of Health, Mr. N. L. Shelton, in May. We have also occupied the new Linen Rooms, Store and Mortuary Block and two floors of the new Nurses' Home. We hope that it will not be too long before all the alterations and reorganisation of the Hospital and its surroundings are completed.

In October, after much planning and consideration, the nurses' hours of duty and ward schedules were rearranged to give the patient "a more normal day" in hospital. The patients have appreciated the later waking hours and alteration of ward duties.

Donations towards our Hospital Chapel Fund continue to be received, and we are most grateful to all those people who have assisted in this way.

During the year a Supper Room has been added to the Harding Hall and this is proving to be a most useful room for the serving of refreshments, as well as a room for smaller functions. The addition of this room has been made possible by the generosity of the late Mr R. Harding and by voluntary labour carried out by a Hastings building firm.

I would like to wish you all a very happy Christmas, and extend to you my best wishes for 1962.

E. M. HALL,
Matron.

Hospital Memorial Chapel

Now that the area allocated for the Hospital Chapel has been vacated, we hope that it will not be too long before the Chapel is completed and ready for use.

Donations continue to come in for this fund, and we are most grateful to all those people who have been so generous in this way. Interest from investments and Post Office savings also provide a regular increase to the fund.

We are having a further street day appeal in December, and are grateful to the Hastings

City Council for allowing an extra street day appeal for the year.

Details of the plans and furnishings have not yet been finalised, but we hope that it will not be too long before these are completed.

The Hastings branch of the R.S.A., through one of its members, has been responsible for obtaining and donating replicas of the Armed Forces Insignia, which are of a very high standard of workmanship and will add greatly to the appearance of the Chapel

We have also been promised a Bible, and an altar-cloth, which will be hand-made.

Tennis

Owing to inclement weather conditions during most of the summer, not so much tennis was played this season. After three consecutive wet Saturdays, we finally got away to a brilliant start on 3rd December. Six girls from the Hastings Girls' High School helped to swell our numbers. We were also pleased to have present, and playing for us, two of the house surgeons, who proved an invaluable strength to the club during the season.

The season was officially opened by Miss Down, and an enjoyable afternoon's tennis was had by all.

During the season a number of ladder matches were played, but Nurse Morton remained at the top throughout. The annual match versus Napier provided Hastings with an easy win by five matches to one, but all games were played in excellent spirit.

Club championships were held this year. It was pleasing to see so many entering for the championships. After many gruelling battles

Erin Hole was acclaimed the champion after defeating Panda Patterson 6-3, 4-6, 6-3. The championship cup was duly presented to her. Congratulations, Erin.

Closing day was held on 15th April under very wintry conditions which deterred many people from attending.

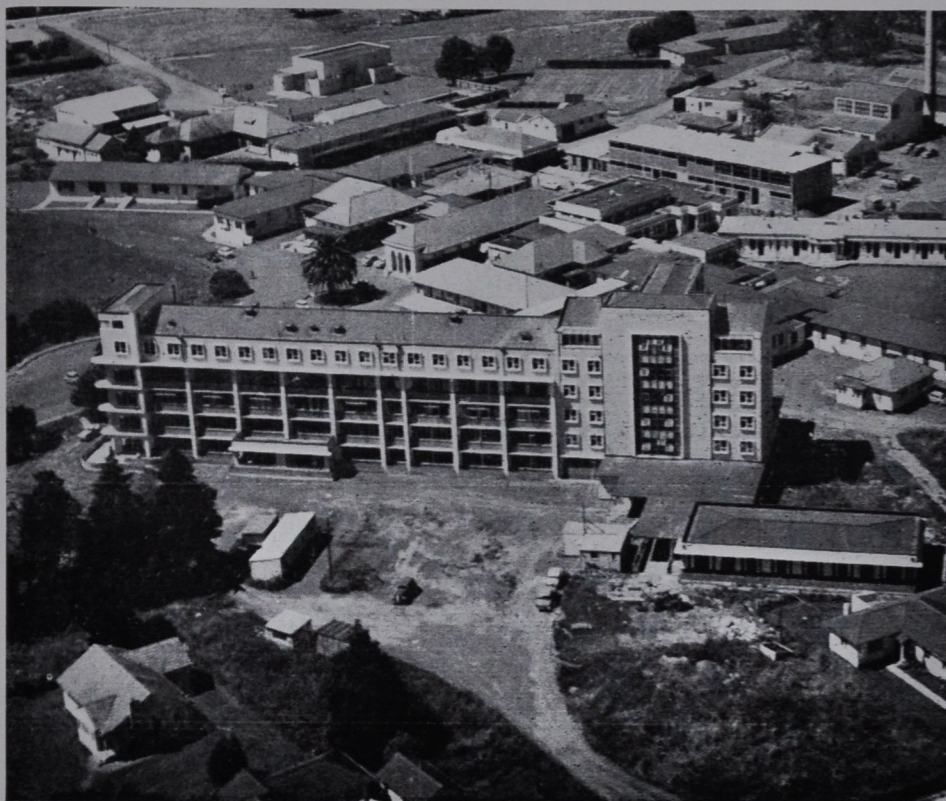
I would like to thank the following committee for their help and support during the season:—C. Carney (secretary-treasurer), S/N. V. Thompson, J. Lowe, J. Simpson, J. Abel, M. Morton, E. Hole, D. Syme, D. Modini and J. Gilray. Our thanks go also to the kitchen staff for providing afternoon teas, and to Miss Hall and others who have shown a continued interest in the club.

Here's hoping for a better season and better weather for next year.

CLUB CAPTAIN.

Dangerous drugs are kept in a cupboard locked up with the ward sister.

Opening of New Hospital



As the sun rose one morning on the fair grounds of the Memorial Hospital, several men were seen with lines, theodolites and timber, marking out what appeared to be a large enclosed area. Sheds appeared, and between times a large hole was dug. Into this were poured quantities of cement and presently, floor by floor, our edifice was raised.

Behind the scenes in the existing Hospital sheaves of papers were being pored over. The equipment had to be ordered from this end, and the finalising placed with the Board's House Manager

Sewing machines whirred on curtain material, hand towels and the multifarious pieces of linen required for a hospital. At stages worries loomed large. However, with the help of statistics, figures for the requirements of a surgical block were finally drawn up and the day of opening came closer.

After a while large quantities of stainless steel, furniture, and nurses arrived. The enigma then was where to place the goods until the big day eventuated. Linen was distributed in all spare rooms, and then it was

found no room existed for nurses. Mealing was overcome by stretching dining rooms to overflowing, and rooms were obtained on two floors in our now half-completed building.

The first semi-official opening was held one Saturday. Amid clouds of smoke, with the screams of fire engines and the dragging of hoses together, with a fair supply of water, our new building was saved. With replaced material and fresh paint the scars were obliterated, and the big official opening loomed still closer.

So that patients of long standing didn't grow too fond of a bed-pan, or a beaker for their dentures, the marking of the stainless steel was completed. At about this stage the nurses were evicted from the building and two sisters were detailed for the equipping and distribution of linen, hardware and everything required to nurse the patient. Beds were assembled and made ready for "D Day." Another sister then made her debut, and with an army of ladies, the polish was applied and floors were shone, ledges were dusted, and bathrooms, kitchens, sluice-rooms—in fact,

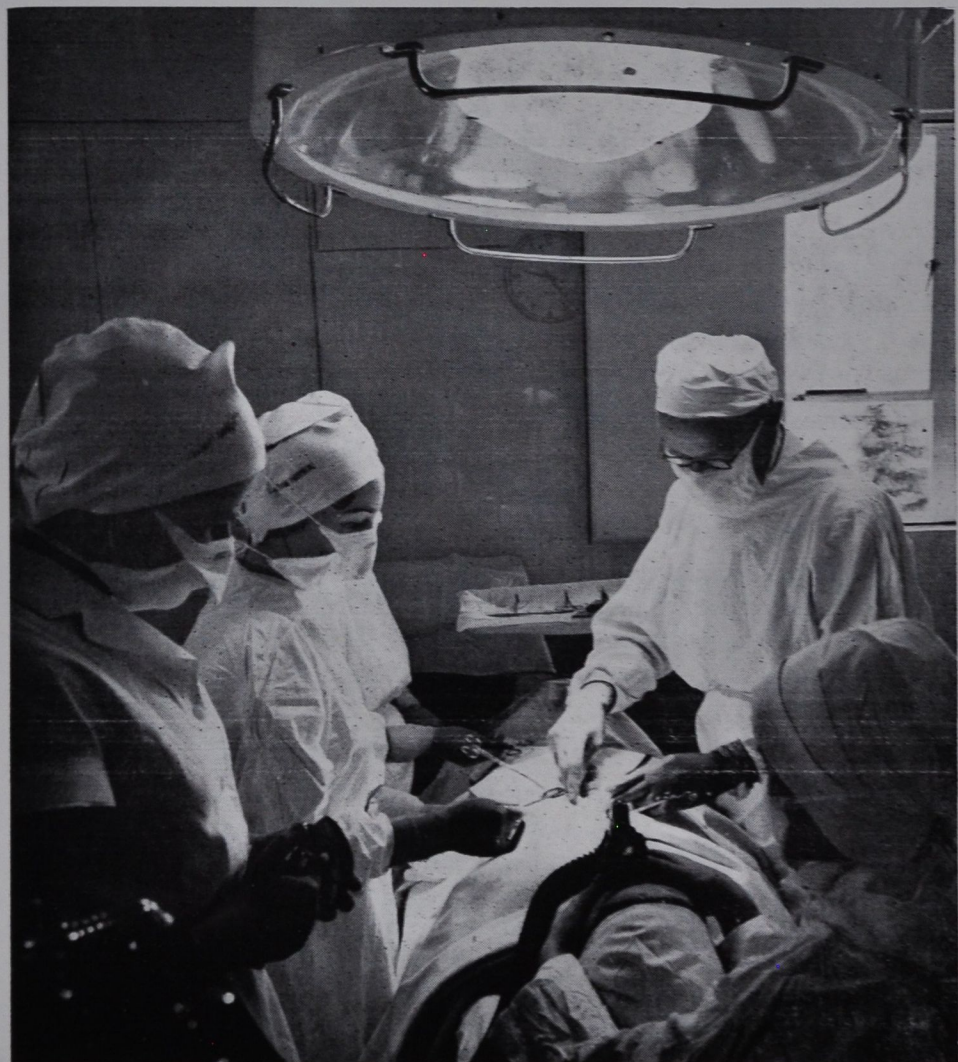
everything was made to gleam. To everyone attached to Memorial, with a big helping hand from Napier and staff, no praise is too high for a job well done.

Nearer and nearer loomed opening day, anxious moments in no way diminishing. On the morning of opening day several men were seen in front of the new main entrance apparently waltzing with chairs. However, this was only the arranging of the seating of the official dais. This day, the 24th May, 1961, was fine in the morning. By afternoon a heavy shower was experienced; however, as the "top brass" had arrived in town, the traditional theme, "the show must go on," was put into practice. Chairs for the guests were hurriedly wiped to remove the water. Following the speeches, the Minister of Health cut the ribbons and all the guests filed in, together with the general public. This was a happy moment; apart from the opening being completed, the weather had

hurried things along with more rain, and the public were also happy for the shelter provided in viewing the interior. Public opinion appeared to be fifty-fifty—fifty per cent. appeared to think the building was too grandiose, whilst the other half considered it just what is required for an ailing public.

Since that great day, various amendments and adjustments have been made and the working of the building as an institution has improved. Why, even the lifts are behaving as lifts should! However, at no time was human life endangered.

Be all this as it may, the Hawke's Bay Fallen Soldiers' Memorial Hospital is a fact, and many, many people will have cause to thank the personnel therein. Who knows, the nurses of Memorial to-day could be held in veneration at the same high plane as their forerunners at Balaclava.





"AIN'T THIS A CUTE LITTLE "WHITE HOUSE" — A LITTLE MORE TO YOUR LEFT SARA — SEND THIS BACK TO JACKIE AND JOHN AT HOME — " etc.

Retirement

Recently at an afternoon tea at Miss Hall's office, a presentation was made to Miss Mardon on the eve of her retirement, by her working colleagues and senior members of the Memorial nursing staff.

Miss Mardon has worked with the Hawke's Bay Hospital Board for twenty-nine years, thus probably being the most senior long-service member of the Hospital Board.

After completing her training at Palmerston North in 1931, Miss Mardon joined the Napier Hospital staff in 1932 as charge staff nurse. Coming to Memorial Hospital in 1933, she completed six months' staffing and one

year on night duty, then in 1934 commenced duties in the District Nursing Service.

During her twenty-seven years as Senior District Nurse, Miss Mardon has given yeoman service to the district of Hastings, never stinting her time or energy in the service to the sick and needy.

Miss Mardon's loyal service, advice and kindness will long be remembered by all with whom she came in contact.

The District Nursing Service and the staff of the Memorial Hospital wish her many happy years of retirement.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Rosina Grace Brandon

It is with regret that we record the death of Mrs. Rosina Grace Brandon at her home in Hastings on 25th June, 1961, after a distressing illness lasting several months.

Her association with the Memorial Hospital was a very long and happy one. She joined the domestic staff soon after the earthquake,

leaving after her marriage in 1935. About ten years ago she rejoined the staff, and continued her work until November, 1960.

She will be remembered for her quiet dignity and kindness. Our sympathy is extended to her husband, children and relatives.

Mr. Chestnut

Mr. Chestnut was our senior switchboard operator for many years. He had been on the staff for fifteen years. After a short illness he died on 28th March, 1961.

Mr. Chestnut was a member of St. John Ambulance Association for seventeen years.

His politeness and pleasant manner, both over the telephone and to enquirers, has often been favourably commented upon. To all sections of the staff, medical, nursing, departmental, and to the public, his motto was "Service."

New Medical Superintendent

Mr. N. C. Rees, M.B., B.Sc. (London), F.R.C.S. (England), has been appointed Medical Superintendent of the Hawke's Bay Fallen Soldiers' Memorial Hospital at Hastings, an appointment he took up on the 1st November.

Mr. Rees was born in Wales, and obtained his Fellowship at the Royal College of Surgeons in 1954. He has been assistant surgeon at Taumaranui Hospital, a position he has held since his arrival in New Zealand in 1959.

The Nurse's If—

(With apologies to R. Kipling)

- If you can grin and joke while all about you
are so fed-up they don't know what to do;
- If you can come on duty and be cheerful when
you feel you are on the verge of having 'flu;
- If you can live the day through without a
wardsmaid, and admissions pouring in, and
dinner late;
- If you can scrub and comb them all, and like
it, and come up smiling when it's half-past
eight;
- If you can think the Sister really likes you and
only runs you round for your own good;
- When she tells you that the bathroom is dis-
graceful and your washes never look the
way they should;
- If you can scrub out everlasting lockers till
your knees are red from kneeling on the
floor,
- And still believe you've joined a noble calling
and never long to be at home once more;
- If you, on Junior work, can keep the brasses
so bright they gleam like stars from over-
head,
- With only one small tin of Brasso polish that
the wardsmaid pinches while you're still
in bed;
- If you can slog the whole day thru' and never
grumble; if you can only seem to polish and
wash paint:
- If you can do all this and keep your reason,
you're not a nurse, my girl—you're a
Perfect Saint.
-
-

Ball Committee

Another success to our credit with the Annual Ball on 28th July. We had a marvelous attendance, even though we unfortunately chose the same night as the banks' ball.

The decorations had no special theme, but with the flowers and greenery, and two huge bunches of balloons (which fell at a most opportune moment), the Assembly Hall certainly had an air of festivity.

The supper, with many thanks to The

Farmers', was thoroughly enjoyed, especially by lovers of the delicacies, oysters and crayfish.

Our guest entertainers for the evening were Des Gibson's Band, and from the vigorous dancing in progress during the item, it seemed this was the highlight of the evening.

But always duty calls, and many pairs of weary feet plodded the ward floors only a few hours later.

Nurses' Christian Fellowship

Our annual general meeting was held on 23rd November. As the conference was to be held in Dunedin this year, it was decided not to send delegates. The Rev. Dawson attended our Easter meeting and showed us slides of parts of America which he had visited when on exchange.

On 22nd May Miss McMillan, Dominion secretary, attended our meeting. She showed us slides and played records taken during her recent visit to Australian N.C.F. groups.

Next year, from 5th to 8th January, the annual conference is to be held in Napier. Members will be attending this each day.

Catholic Nurses' Guild

Once again this year 1961 has been a most interesting and worthwhile one for the Hastings Branch of the Catholic Nurses' Guild. We still retain second place with a financial membership of fifty, which is outstanding for such a young group as ours.

Passing Events

Our second birthday meeting of the Guild was celebrated on 3rd May with a thanksgiving mass at St. Mary's at 6.30 a.m., followed by benediction in the evening. A supper evening followed at the Windmill which served as a double event, as our First Professional girls sat their examinations on the same day.

Florence Nightingale Sunday was held on 14th May. Mass was celebrated at the Sacred Heart Church and members attended in uniform.

During May, two parcels of medical supplies were sent to a medical missionary field in Tonga, which had recently suffered heavy losses by the hurricanes. Our parcels were very much appreciated, and we hope to send another in time for Christmas.

Our guest speakers throughout the past year have been very interesting and much appreciated. We have travelled (via coloured slides) to Japan, Honolulu, Lourdes, Fatima,

Italy and the Southern Lakes. We have become experts in floral decorating and have gained knowledge and understanding, especially with regards to the sick, by our excellent guest speakers.

Our delegates for this year's conference, which was held in Hawera, gained valuable knowledge which they conveyed to the Guild members. The national president, Miss A. Walton, delivered an outstanding speech entitled "The Virtue of Tolerance" in connection with the past year's theme, "The Catholic Nurse and Death." It is correct to say that we should all be prepared to die at any moment. Some people are, but a great many are not, so we must be careful to give everyone an opportunity to prepare for death, if it is humanly possible. Kindness and sympathy extended to the relatives in their time of sorrow may be shown by some word or action on the part of the responsibilities of the nurse.

Thanks.

To Miss Hall for releasing delegates to the conference and the continued use of Harding Hall.

And finally to Father Fitzsimmons, our chaplain, for his unfailing interest and guidance over the past year.

Impression of Nurse Encouraging Mrs. Geriatric to Co-operate

Nurse bounces towards Mrs. G. brandishing a wash towel and back tray. "Hullo dear; I'm just going to wash you." Now, this is the time of day when that kind of talk is apt to raise a riot from any kind of citizen. Five degrees of frost out there at five o'clock! There is no comment from Mrs. G. She is not with us yet.

Curtains are jerked. Water is more or less poured into bowl (many puddles add variety to ward floor).

"Wake up, Mrs. G!" Nurse has one of those penetrating, bouncy natures which defy defeat. This, combined with a vicious, haphazard removal of all covering, is enough to revive Mrs. G. "Oh, RATS!" Small, wet,

huddled figure recoils from initial attack. Here comes the first really difficult manoeuvre. "Come on, dear." Adds, "We'll just change you." Mrs. G.'s right wing attack moves in. Nurse ducks. "You are a nasty little thing, aren't you!" "Leave me in peace."

Our nurse deliberately ignores this lot. We find it pays in the long run. Thus the main manoeuvre is completed. Mrs. G. recovers the blankets somewhat hastily and finds herself bumped up sharply among the pillows. "There you are, dear—all finished." Victor beams from behind perspiration. Mrs. G. is asleep. Pity. She has to have a mouth care douche.

ONE OF CLASS 3.





NURSES ON THE ENTRANCE STEPS, NEW BLOCK.

Sister S. Currie

Sister Currie is leaving us. Our loss is another hospital's gain, but as it is a further step up the nursing ladder, we wish her well in her new venture.

It is said that the wheel of chance turns completely, and it is rather significant that the hospital of which she is to be assistant matron is in reality her alma mater. It is now an A grade training school.

The start of Sister Currie's career was at Waimate Hospital, where as an aide she was introduced to nursing. From there she trained at Timaru, before what must have been the real beginning of a very interesting life.

It is roughly thirteen years since her debut was made at Memorial Hospital as the Night Sister. Just prior to this position she nursed at Chatham Islands, which shows her to be a person of adventurous nursing spirit. At this place it was part of her duties to be required to travel by horseback in order to collect butter and meat for the staff and patients. Sister Currie has a great love of country life and horse riding, so this was not really a deterrent.

Some of the intervening years have been spent away from us. She travelled to Australia where she practised nursing some of the time. Fairly soon after her return she took her post-graduate course in Wellington, and then became our Senior Tutor Sister for some time. Her next journeyings took her to England and Scotland, in which two places she added to

her nursing experience. Adventure took a hand again, this time on the return trip to New Zealand, when she took an overland bus journey as far as India—an account of which was in last year's Magazine.

Since her return she has held various relieving positions, including night duty, and she was Outpatients' Department Sister for nearly a year. More recently she was appointed as a Supervising Sister and includes in this position supervision and control of the wardmaids. All these positions have been filled by Sister Currie with enthusiasm, and nobody could deny that she has given yeoman service. Nursing staff here always recognised in her a person who was willing to help and advise in the problems which confront student nurses.

During the past year she was involved, with others, in the placing of equipment in the new Hospital block, and the employing and placing of household staff to clean and maintain the block up to hospital standards.

Sister Currie is another of those people whom we shall miss at Memorial and a name that will be mentioned many times after she has departed. It is with regret that we say "Au revoir" to her. We congratulate her on her new appointment, and assure her that if she passes through Hastings, a short visit to Memorial Hospital will always be a happy occasion.

Softly and Silently

Softly and silently thru' the night
Comes the Sister with her light;
Then crashing her way thru' a door,
She sees an empty bed—Good Lor'!
Suspicion rises to her mind,
Because the nurse is hard to find;
Although she searches bath and lav.,
The bod she wants she cannot have.

(She isn't there.)

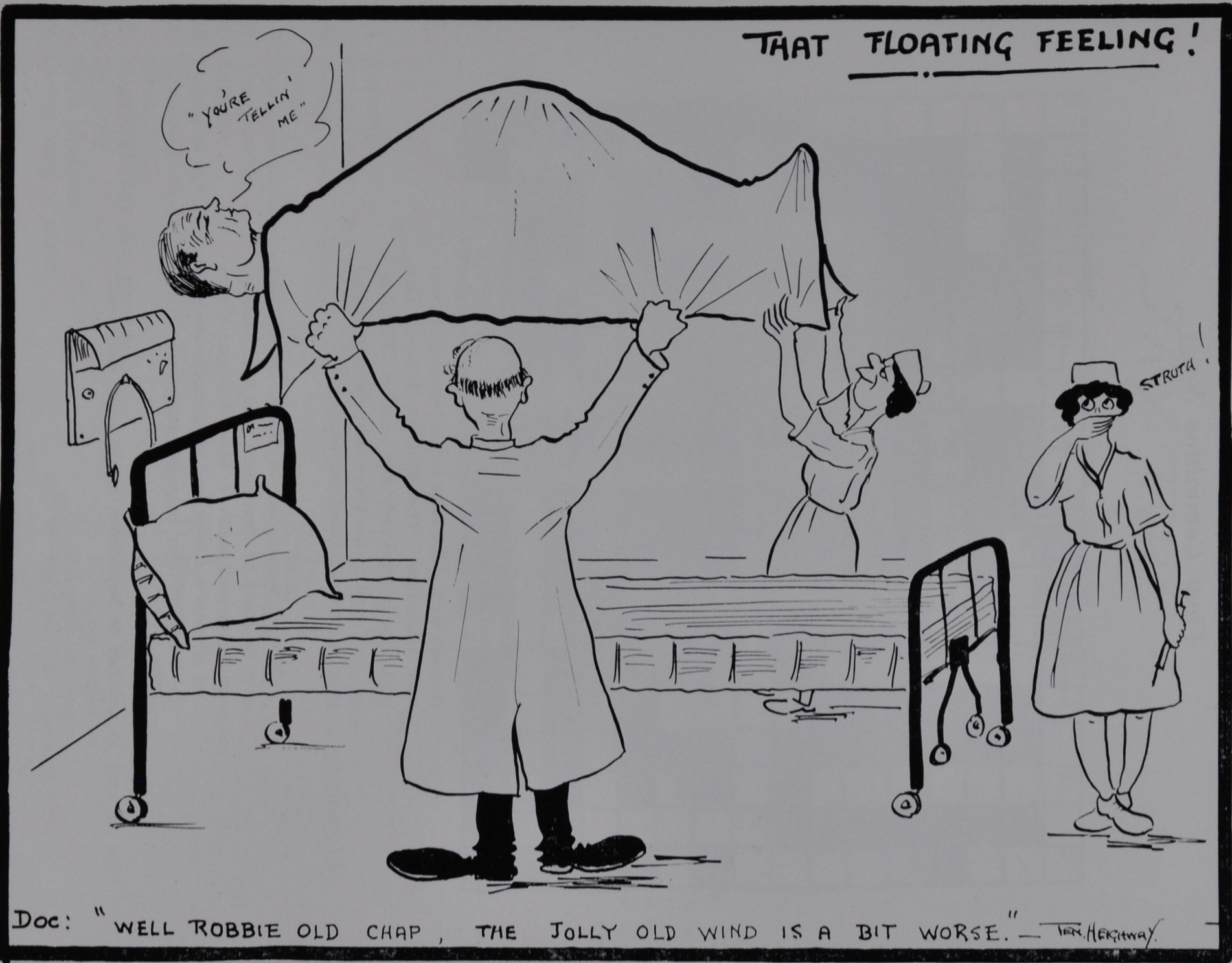
She hears a whisper to her right,
But as lack of carrots dims her sight,
With torch aglow and broilley brandished,
She between two doors is sandwiched.
The nurse when finding her doorway blocked,
Reels back in terror, for she is shocked;
Now she is later than she thought.
The moral is that she is caught.

(To-morrow and to-morrow and
to-morrow)

Creeps on this petty pace from
day to day.)

DAJAMS.

THAT FLOATING FEELING!



Doc: "WELL ROBBIE OLD CHAP, THE JOLLY OLD WIND IS A BIT WORSE." — *TEN HERTWY*

Float Committee Notes

Once again the Float Committee was joined, and the first meeting got away to a good start on 29th June, 1961, with a good attendance.

The Float Committee was comprised of:— Staff Nurse Eddy, Nurses Burden, Kelly, McClurg, Holt, Ibbotson, Littlejohn, A. Harvey, Simmons, Wilson, Power, H. Ballantyne and Marsh; also Nurses E. Hole and Modini, who were executives from S.N.A.

This year it was decided not to have a nurse on the float. The idea was that the float showed methods of medication—i.e. pills, medicines and injections.

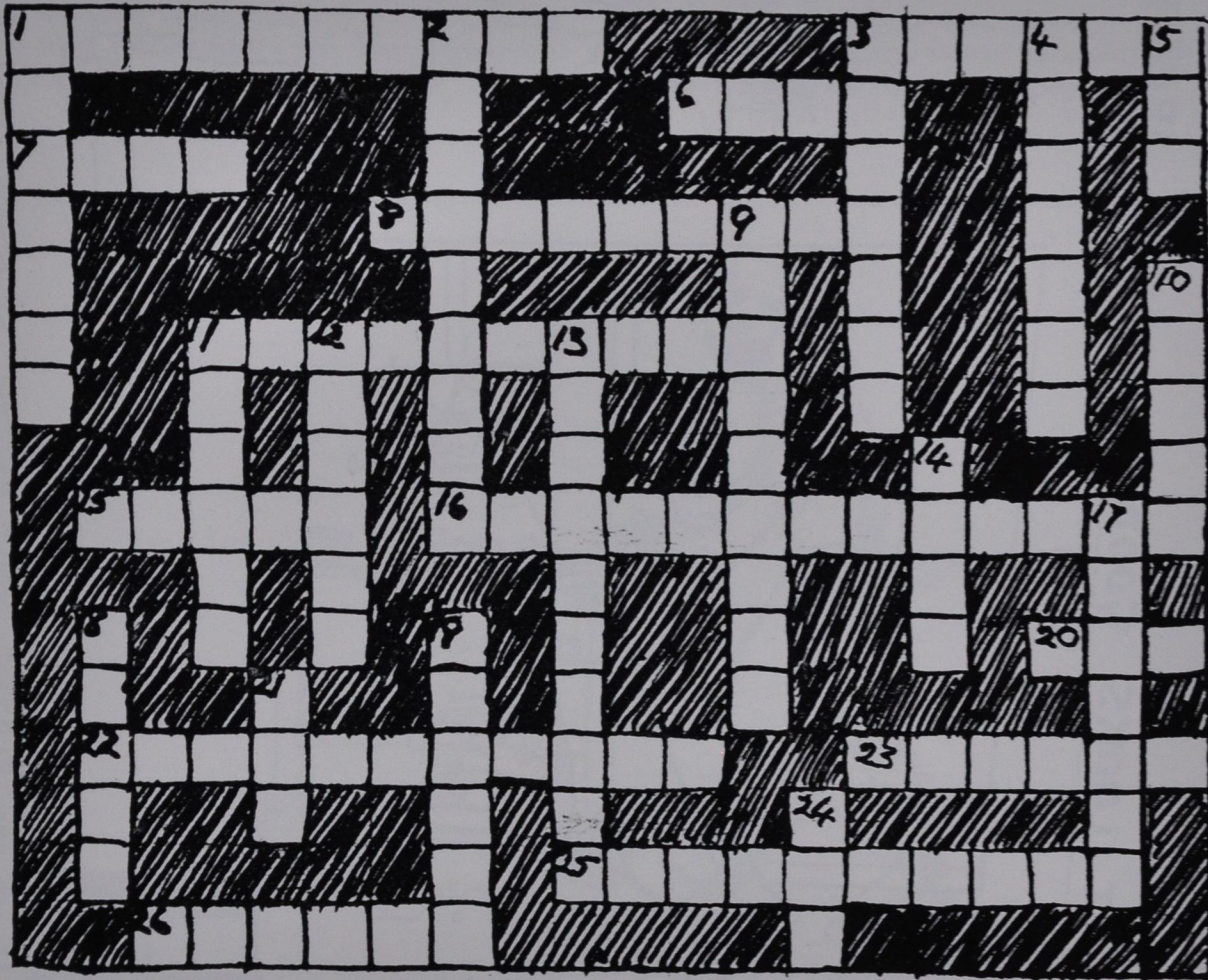
The float was done in wired blossom this year, but we think we shall revert to the sticking-on method next year.

Decorating of the float did not get really done until the last week, just before Blossom Parade. But with our perseverance we came through well. The float looked extremely good once assembled. The Blossom Festival Day broke out in gloriously fine weather. The float did very well in the procession, gaining second prize in the decorated car section.

Now I would like to thank nurses who gave up much of their spare time, the patients, carpenters and painters, Miss Hall and Sisters and all who made or had anything to do with the float, for their help and support.

Let us hope for a bigger prize next year!

TRY THIS!



Across

1. Anatomy and ———.
3. Situated away from point of origin.
6. Normal degree of tension.
7. Twelve pair.
8. Means employed to cure disease.
11. The pancreas.
15. Adipose.
16. Present in extracts of suprarenal medulla.
20. Containing dead leucocytes, bacteria and debris.
22. Microscopic hair-like structures.
23. An injury.
25. Night blindness.
26. Giving blood to others.

Down

1. Partial paralysis.
2. Surgical procedure.
3. Proprietary plasma substitute I.V.
4. Twisting.
5. Milk.
9. Secreting within.
10. Not true.
11. Division or partition.
12. A ferment.
13. Drawing back.
14. Root of a tooth.
17. Tumor of nervous tissue.
18. Point of meeting of rays of light.
19. Is stirrup shaped.
21. All guilty of this.
24. Used in T.B. treatment.

(Solution on page 28)

AN ARTICLE THAT LOOKS GOOD ALWAYS APPEALS!



"DOC: THIS GOATS' BLOOD PRESSURE IS UP TO BLAZES. YOU'D BETTER LET NURSE TWERP FIX HIM"

The Jump

Around it comes once more, the sight
A glorious straining frame of horse,
Pulling determinedly at its bit, flecks of white
Rippling, dancing light cast off bay flanks;
Hurrying legs, and before each jump the pants
Of horse, rider and expectant crowd.

Steady thud of hooves, then gathering force
As rider in the creaking saddle leans;
Easy, urging, watchful of the course.
Now like a rushing afterthought the leap, still
Surging calm, an eternal moment till
The crowds acclaim the spectacle.

A.M.H.



Ode to a Diet

Oh! That this too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, rot, degenerate and go away.
Roast meat, pork, potatoes—no matter what
the nurses felt;
Not once, not twice, but three times a day.

How many times a day does one plan to eat
less
Because of fashions, and weigh day loom-
ing near?
And just because the scales show your figure
in a mess,
And gorgeous frocks give at one little tear.

Of course, plump people are adorable and full
of fun,
Must keep the strength up in your chosen
career;
Healthy appetite, heavenly meals to make the
saliva run.
On second thoughts—eating could be a
career.

I don't think I'll worry, not this weigh day
at least;
I'll sleep it off, forget it, not think any
more.
To-morrow is another day I can stop thinking
of a feast,
And think of food—no, swot; oh! what a
bore!

A.M.H.



A Trip to Australia

After spending the afternoon in Christchurch, we boarded Teal Electra jetprop at 7 p.m. and had a perfect trip over and a lovely three-course meal, arriving at Sydney at 9 p.m. (Australian time). Coming in over the city there was a blaze of coloured lights and the Harbour Bridge standing out against the darkness of the night.

The weather was perfect when we were taken on an 85-mile drive round the city, suburbs and beaches. Although it was the end of June, many people were swimming and sunbathing on the clean white sand.

Another perfect day we went up to the Blue Mountains, and they really did live up to their name. The view from the skyway a thousand feet above the Jamieson Valley was magnificent, the Three Sisters standing out against the blue atmosphere. Katoomba is now a very big city, yet quite near at Echo Valley the mailman delivers the mail on a horse. One thrill while we were crossing the harbour to Taronga Park zoo was to see the Canberra come in on her maiden voyage. The zoo is a place where days could be spent, as there is so much to see, and the surroundings are beautiful. While we were there the pointsettias and hibiscus were in full flower.

Sydney is a city of rush and bustle—everything goes at such a pace, even the traffic. Yet in Melbourne things are far more orderly. Melbourne is a beautiful city, with trees and parks everywhere.

The bush on the Dandegong Mountains makes it a perfect spot for picnics—there are

many week-end houses there almost hidden with tree ferns. Mount Donna Buanga is one of the winter sports grounds. It is 5,000 feet high; the road there is narrow and winds steeply up under very tall straight bluegum trees—a very disappointing ski ground compared with New Zealand ones.

Some of the buildings in the city are huge. Myers store covers sixty-five acres; you can buy anything from a needle to an anchor there. The new I.C.I. building towers above many, as it is twenty-one stories high and has twenty-three acres of glass.

Myers Music Bowl is a most unusual building. Although I did not hear a concert there, I believe the acoustics are perfect and thousands sit on the lawns to listen to concerts or watch ballet. We were very sorry to leave Melbourne, and hope to return one day.

We flew back to Sydney by D.C. 6, and had hopes of getting a view of Canberra, but were too high.

Our return flight to New Zealand was uneventful, except that fog at Christchurch made it impossible to land at Harewood, so we came on to Wellington Airport. The members of Teal were amazing the way they had a meal ready for us all in no time and accommodation found for us in no time for the night—even procuring seats on the early flight to Napier next morning.

Our whole trip was a huge success—only far too short with so much to see.

E.A., P.McL.

A Trip to Australia

I arrived in Brisbane at 11 p.m.—three hours after leaving Auckland. The flight over had been smooth and uneventful; I had enjoyed it very much. The service was superb, and we arrived at Southport at twelve o'clock.

I woke up to a gloriously hot day and, dressed in shorts, chuckled a little as I thought of the cold wet weather I had left behind me in Hawke's Bay. My first outing was to Surfers' Paradise: I was most impressed with the ultra-modern homes and hotels. They were fantastically designed and the colour schemes were really something to see. Some of the glorious sun-tans filled me with envy, and I spent the next few days trying to acquire one myself.

There were several large open-air beer gardens where you could go and sample the Australian canned beer while listening to a variety of top-class entertainers and see shows which carried on from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. It never ceased to amaze me that there was no cover charge for these shows—only the price of your drinks.

After a most enjoyable week at Surfers' Paradise, we hired a caravan and set off for Cairns. At first we drove through miles of beautiful green forests, but gradually the greenery thinned out to dry prairie land which continued for the next five hundred miles. A great boon to travellers are the service stations along the route which also provide hot showers.

On the third day we came into the sugar cane country. The old sugar cane was being burnt off and we were given, by one of the workers, a ripe stick of sugar cane to chew on. It has an extremely rich, sickly sweet taste. In places the ground was a bright brick red colour, and the new green shoots of sugar cane made a colourful contrast.

We stopped in Townsville long enough to have a swim in the Olympic Pool. After our swim, we continued our journey to Cairns.

Cairns is a quaint little town. None of the houses looked at though they had seen a paint

brush at all. They were all on tall stilts, with wide verandahs, closed in. While at Cairns we went on a trip to Green Island, a beautiful little island on the Barrier Reef. It has everything—coral, coconut palms, tropical bush and a beach of golden sand. Here on Green Island is the famous underwater observatory where one is able to go beneath the sea and look out through portholes to see numerous multi-coloured fish and coral.

The cinemas in Cairns proved amusing. No leather seats—instead, there were rows and rows of what looked like long deck chairs of canvas. You could just see the film if you craned your neck over the back of the "deck chair" in front of you.

We spent five days in Cairns, and then headed back to Townsville, which is the driest spot I have ever seen, with ant-hills galore and numerous patches of stunted, parched grass. While at Townsville we saw Wirth's circus-zoo. Consequently, we left it with three small turtles. The turtles acquired the happy knack of losing themselves in the caravan. Needless to say, it usually took us half an hour of searching under boxes and bunks until we were rewarded with the sight of three pairs of beady eyes peering at us from the refuge of a shell.

From Townsville we took an inland route back to Brisbane. We almost regretted the decision later on when, at one stage of the journey, we drove for 235 miles without seeing a house or even a fence. To make matters more interesting, the road was very straight and very flat. The nights in this hot country were freezing—an extreme contrast to the blistering hot days. On this stretch of the road we saw many kangaroos, which came out both during the day and at dusk.

The last week of this marvellous holiday was spent in Brisbane. With great regret and unforgettable memories I left for home, arriving in New Zealand at 6 a.m. The first thing that struck me was—that's right—the cold.!

V.P.



"If all the 'planes in the area were grounded by the storm last night, how come the stork got through?"

SOLUTION TO "TRY THIS"

Across: 1, Physiology; 3, distal; 6, tone; 7, ribs; 8, treatment; 11, sweetbread; 15, fatty; 16, Noradrenaline; 20, pus; 22, capillaries; 23, lesion; 25, nyctadopia; 26, donors.

Down: 1, Paresis; 2, operation; 3, Deytran; 4, torsion; 5, lac; 9, endocrine; 10, false; 11, septum; 12, enzyme; 13, retraction; 14, fang; 17, neuroma; 18, focus; 19, stapes; 21, sin; 24, Pas.

S.N.A. Conference — 5th and 6th July, 1961

The Great Northern Hotel conference room, Queen Street, Auckland, was the place selected in which the eighteenth annual Student Nurses' Association Conference was held. Approximately 100 nurses represented forty-eight N.Z.S.N.A. groups, Nurses Burden and Modini being the Hastings delegates. Prior to the opening of the conference, services were held at St. Andrew's Church and St. Patrick's Cathedral; buses were provided for transport from there to the conference. All delegates wore their dress uniforms on the first morning.

The Dominion President, Miss Anne Bruce (Napier), presided at all meetings. Fortunately members of the various Auckland S.N.A. groups were hostesses, and the conference ran smoothly from start to finish. After the roll call was completed, the official opening took place. Miss Bruce welcomed the official guests, those present being Sir Douglas Robb, Mr. F. Ambler, Deputy Mayor of Auckland, Mr. T. H. C. Caughey, Chairman Auckland Hospital Board, Miss F. J. Cameron, O.B.E.,

Miss W. Train, Dominion President N.Z. R.N.A., and Mr. H. S. Kenrick, Superintendent-in-Chief Auckland Hospital Board.

Throughout the conference other guests present were Public Health officers, members of the Hospital Board, matrons and staff of the various Auckland hospitals, as well as many student nurse observers.

The mutual problems shared by the registered nurses and students were discussed by the guest speaker, Miss Cameron, Director Division, Department of Health. Constant increase in the number of available beds was maintaining the staff shortage. Miss Cameron referred to the overseas methods of intensive care units as a possible means of solving or lessening this problem. The recommendation that nurses should give at least one to two years to their hospital after training was Mr. Caughey's reference to alleviation of staff shortages. He stated that this staffing problem often caused retarding of fulfilment of hospital plans.

Miss Train stressed the importance of the strength of the national organisation to obtain local body strength. Enthusiasm should stem from the delegates themselves.

Delegates then received the annual report and balance sheet, and later in the morning an official photograph was taken. As the conference proceeded both Miss Cameron and Miss Train were called upon frequently, in their advisory capacity, for clarification of conference business.

Matters discussed included a variety of topics concerning professional trends and interests. There were twenty-seven remits which were gradually discussed over the two-day period. The following resolutions were passed for reference to the Dominion Executive of N.Z.R.N.A.:—

- (a) That students work an eleven-day fortnight, three days' leave being arranged by the duties staff, as convenient.
- (b) That N.Z.S.N.A. fees be increased from 6/- to 7/6, the specific increase of 1/6 being devoted to the reserve fund to provide for delegates attending future overseas conferences.

During the afternoon the retiring members of the Dominion Executive presented an account of their visit to the I.C.N., which they attended last April in Melbourne. These details were most interesting, as they dealt with five different aspects of the conference. At night a semi-formal cocktail party was held in the now converted conference room. Guest soloists entertained throughout the evening. A very interesting speech was given by a Ceylonese nurse who is now nursing in New Zealand under a special plan. This nurse informed us that nurses who were married were able to have approximately three months off to have their babies, and then commence duties again. This was one way of keeping their staff!

The second day of the conference dawned cold, grey, very overcast and drizzling with rain, but this did not dampen the morale of the nurses, who were in high spirits as they set out, travelling by bus, to the Civilian Rehabilitation Centre at Otahuhu. This consisted of a one-storied house which had been

converted into a small hospital, housing approximately thirty patients, and a treatment block where various forms of rehabilitation were carried out under the watchful eyes of physiotherapists and doctors. Basket weaving and cabinet making were but a few of the many varied and interesting pastimes which were available to these people and were of great importance to the more seriously handicapped—e.g. the coronary who may have to give up his former position, may take up a lighter trade and so fulfil a worthwhile place in the community. This visit ended all too quickly, as there was much of interest to see. Morning tea was served in the drawing room of the block for 200 ravenous, appreciative students.

Returning to the conference room at 11 a.m., Dr. Christmas, Auckland Medical Officer of Health, addressed the gathering on "Public Health." We, as nurses, can do much for the public by educating them on matters of hygiene, etc. The New Zealand dietary was not one of under-nourishment, but one of over-eating. This problem led to obesity, with its attendant conditions of coronary occlusions, shorter life and difficulty in working, said Dr. Christmas. "And," he added, "I'm sure it costs more. There is no doubt that exercise is a single factor in reducing the incidence of coronary occlusions, but not only that, exercise has a lot to commend it.

"Eat less and sensibly and exercise more by less use of the car and elevator, and more use of the shoe," was urged by Dr. Christmas.

The remainder of the afternoon was spent electing officers for the forthcoming year. Nurse Anne von Sturmer, of Auckland, was elected Dominion President, and Nurse Jacqueline Auld, of Wellington, Vice-President.

Amidst fond farewells and close relationships made by the students during their two-day stay in Auckland, the 1961 conference was brought regretfully to a close. (Back to work for most of us!) A really memorable and happy occasion was enjoyed by all who had the opportunity to attend. May the 1962 delegates enjoy the conference to be held in Palmerston North, as much as my colleague and I enjoyed this one.

D.A.M., H.J.M.B.

Ward Reports

“PROGRESSING FAVOURABLY”—Allowed out of her oxygen tent for meals, if she eats quickly enough.

“FOR DISCHARGE TO-DAY”—Sister needs a spare room for the Christmas decorations.

“UP DAILY”—How else do you expect the nurses to make his bed?

“NOT SO WELL”—Doctor has ordered another three pints of blood, if he can find a vein to put the drip into.

“HAD OPERATION; AS WELL AS CAN BE EXPECTED”—The house surgeons did this one.

“CONDITION UNCHANGED”—We don't know what's wrong with her any more than you do.

“FAIRLY COMFORTABLE”—Well, he gets one-third of morphine every four hours. What do you want—miracles?

P.G.F.

The Case of the Non-existent Fire

Scene: Ward 12 (when we lived there).

Atmosphere: Definitely spooky (at least when I woke up). Moonlight outside.

What Happened:

The sound of murmurs, footsteps on the gravel outside and thudding of feet above us. (My brain detected immediately what was going on. This had happened before.) Somewhere flames were licking dangerously, smoke was swirling and all in our building. Last time we had watched operations from the day-room window, but this time was too much of a fag.

The other three maintained a conservative calm in their sleep. I lowered my voice mentally and harshly whispered, “Mick, the fire engine's here.” Mick snorted and went back to sleep. The calm in the room was awe-inspiring.

While other homes wakened to ringing alarm bells; while nurses turned out bravely in hair-pins and dressing gowns, we could have been burnt or singed as there were no bells—but we slept bravely on.

Medical Alphabet

A is for alimentary, canal which goes wrong.
B is for bladder, not empty for long.
C is for cerebral cortex—relays our thoughts.
D is for diathermy, removing all warts.
E is for enema, often abused.
F stands for fumigant, afterwards used.
G is for gallstones, hardened and round.
H hallax valgus on feet may be found.
I the injection the nurse loves to give.
J is for jelly, on which patients live.
K is for kidney we can't do without.
L is for laxative, for which patients shout.
M is for mask behind which we hide.
N is for white nylons, whose straight seams soon slide.

O is for oxygen which saves many lives.
P is for pancreas where insulin thrives.
Q is for quinsy, a pain in the throat.
R is for Rhesus, a factor we need.
S is for suture which ties up all cuts.
T is for tonsil, most useless of guts.
U is for ulnar, a bone in the arm.
V is for virus which causes great harm.
W for wrist where the pulse can be timed.
X is the ray from which fractures we find.
Y stands for yellow, a fever we hate.
Z is for zephiran, the disinfectant of late.

G.O'B.

THE HAWKE'S BAY HOSPITAL BOARD IS CONSIDERING CHANGING WARD ROUTINE SO THAT PATIENTS ARE WOKEN FOR THE MORNING WASH AT 6 A.M. INSTEAD OF 4 A.M. ~ NEWS ITEM



BURTON

“All right, you sleeping beauties! This means that we must speed up the process.”

—By Burton in the “Daily Telegraph.”

A Patient's Point of View!

Well! What do you know! It's a fact that there will be no more "WAKE! Wake!" at the unearthly hour of 4 a.m. to be washed with water (with water, I mean, not brain washed). At long last the patient can now enjoy his sleep until 7 a.m. Imagine 7 a.m.—quite a reasonable hour. But you can have a **cuppa** at 6 a.m. if you should be awake.

Now regulations state that patients shall not be wakened for a cup of tea; but boy! the first morning the regs. came in the boys were wandering out to the kitchen looking for their tea; in fact, one bloke was so desperate that he crawled out! Not only that, but now the tea trolley is not to be taken into the ward in the morning—it may disturb the sleeping patients! In our ward, with thirty-one beds occupied, only one patient was asleep at 6 a.m., and he suffered from sleeping sickness.

Anyway, Hospital Board, now that you have started this modernistic programme, why not go the whole hog! Instead of the poor over-worked night nurse having amongst her other numerous exacting duties, having to take into the ward individual cups of tea at 6 a.m. from the kitchen, why not install a conveyor belt system in the wards, together with an intercom. 'phone on each bed, instead of the old-fashioned buzzer? This would enable the patient to communicate directly with the nurse in her office and order whatever one requires such as a cup of tea, please, bottle, pan, etc., and he could even complain about something just for practice if he is a hypochondriac. This would undoubtedly conserve the nurse's energy for her more exacting duties. This service, of course, would have to run all night, especially for "cuppas". If the Board finds this system too expensive, it could at least supply the night nurses with roller skates. Of course, they would have to be equipped with silencers so as not to disturb the patients who are sleeping. I am sure if they could hear the tunes played on the buzzer at night, they would at least agree to do this.

Now there is the question of "How are you to-day?" The sisters should have a miniature broadcasting outfit similar to the receiver they now carry, because uttering this stock phrase must be just as boring to them as it is to the

patients. I was feeling pretty ill one day, but came out with the stock reply, "Pretty good, thanks," or something to that effect, but felt like saying, "I'm sick in bed with a straw hat on and blucher boots!" What do you think of that! I'll bet a certain staff nurse would have got one heck of a shock if I had. Although it's not all beer and skittles being a patient, we do have our laughs. For instance, there was the junior nurse, a very efficient one too, thinks she's on the ice-skating rink when she's in the ward. Anyway, one day she tried to take a turn too quickly and jiggle a pan at the same time. Her feet slid out from underneath and she came down pretty hard on her "never-you-mind." When asked next day how the bruise was, she declined to say and flatly refused to show us! What a girl!

Then there was the senior nurse, a real wag and very popular with the patients. She happened to be sitting on a ward trolley just prior to coming on duty and a retd. bloke said to her, "I'll bet you're not game to let me push you around the ward in that." She replied, "Try me and see!" She was duly pushed into the ward and had done about half the distance when the supervising sister appeared at the other end of the ward. Boy! For speed you never saw anything like it. She shot off that trolley like a Titan rocket! Who's frightened of supervising sisters, anyway! I'll bet they're not frightened of the nurses, eh!!

Reminds me of the Maori returned soldier who was having a course of injections. When the needle hit him he would yell blue murder with a grin a mile wide on his face. . . . All in the day's fun, and how little things like that relieve the boredom!

Then there's the chap who wanders round the ward looking for a sympathetic ear to pour his troubles into. What the doc said, when he reckoned he's going home, what **he's** going to tell the doc . . . Aw! they're beauts, but they make you smile and this lightens the burden of pain for a lot.

There's a bloke who is in the early stages of an incurable disease and suffers at times like nobody's business, but when the different shifts of nurses come on duty they are all told individually, "Well! **Well!** And how's my

favourite nurse?"—and believe you me, they'll do anything for him.

These types, eh. Take the hypochondriac we had in our ward. Nothing was right. He wouldn't eat this, he wouldn't eat that. This didn't suit him. I want this, give me that. Very demanding; but there again, though he was one heck of a pain in the neck to both nurses and patients alike, he was tolerated. However, I recollect a certain doctor whose patience ran out and **he** had his measure. You get them all in a hospital ward.

You know, Public, it is not until you are in a hospital ward and see the daily routine, the sometimes unusual circumstances which arise, that one can appreciate the incredible patience, efficiency and tolerance that this great band of dedicated girls, the NURSES, display. They just handle anything—**anything**—in their stride. Unpleasant jobs and occasional abuse and teasing—no trouble at

all to them! You can lift your hat to them and say "Thanks a lot, mate," and then you would still owe them a lot—and then some.

If you ever have the misfortune to be a patient in the Memorial Hospital, you will be fortunate in one way because from Matron right down to the most junior Nurse you will receive unfailing courtesy and the most efficient attention. **I know!** The food is good, too—five-star!

Another service you will receive is from those grand ladies of the Red Cross. Every Monday **without fail** they bring you a mobile library, and they always have a packet of smokes and a cake of chocolate—quite a contrast to the executive of the local R.S.A., whose visits are most unpredictable. So there you have the patient's viewpoint in a nutshell.

ONE OF THE 40,000 THIEVES,
WORLD WAR II.

Hardly Alone

Until I heard a doctor say,
"There's danger in a kiss,"
I had considered kissing you the nearest thing
to bliss.
But now I know biology,
And sit and sigh and moan:
Six million mad bacteria—
And I thought we were alone!

Do You Remember . . . ?

When!

The hut was the Tutorial Block—the pre-lim classroom—now bedrooms.

When!

One climbed over beds to reach the Ward 4 office—before it was renovated.

When!

Ward 4 transferred to Napier, patients and staff, and the fun had by all—e.g. floods.

When!

There were numerous false fire drills—even at 4 a.m. mid-winter.

When!

The newly finished staircase in the new block went up in black smoke—so to speak.

When!

There was a fat fire in the main kitchen—discovered by the junior night nurse.



The duty of the senior night nurse—according to one well-known author—is to provide coffee and tea at all hours of the night for any doctor, be it the senior surgeon or junior house surgeon, if and when they are in the ward.

Did you know that since the advancement of ante-natal care there has been a lowering in the morality rates?

Night nurses again! Some books have stated that there will be found no designing, matrimony-minded, doctor-devilling night nurses. In actuality these sterling characters have too much to do with life and death to make clandestine love among the bed pans!

A Hospital Dictionary

- A HOSPITAL—Is a collection of corridors and stairs, supported by slippery floors and contributions. It contains nurses, beds, patients, and fresh air in large quantities.
- A BED—Has longitude, but no latitude; its real duty is to beautify the ward. To disarrange a bed is a criminal offence—it is far, far better to have a tidy bed than to be comfortable.
- A PATIENT—Is a victim of circumstances—a conspiracy between the doctors and hospital authorities. After he has abided awhile, he realises why he is called a patient.
- A NURSE—Is essential for the proper running of a ward; her chief duty is to watch the patients, in order to awaken them when asleep.
- A CLINICAL THERMOMETER—Is a morbid, cold-blooded instrument, which requires a hot air bath twice daily; the radiant heat necessary being provided by the patient.
- A CHART—Is a piece of paper clipped to a board hanging on your bed; it is provided so that specialists can play noughts and crosses with the students. It has often been mistaken for an underground railway map, but is really the life story of a thermometer set to music.
- THE MEDICINE CUPBOARD—Contains brandy and castor oil; tremendous quantities of each are used. The brandy is used to camouflage the castor oil, and is used also as a restorative when patients feel faint. (No patient is ever allowed to feel faint.)
- SCREENS—Are used by the nurses instead of muscle developers and are considered part of their uniform when on duty. No nurse is allowed to take a screen out of the ward when off duty. Most screens do not screen!
- NIGHT—Commences when the blinds are pulled down.
- DAY—Commences when the night nurses have finished their midnight meal. Old patients sleep in the daytime—it is quieter.
- LOCKERS—Are a hospital version of dining-room sideboards. They are always placed so that a patient cannot get at them; and are really provided to gratify the nurses' curiosity.

—From R.S.A. Review.

Recently heard, as request by teenager (male, of course!) on 2ZC's Hastings Hospital Request Session: "Ain't Gonna Wash for a Week"!

Who Was . . . ?

The nurse who asked a house surgeon if he would prescribe some Dulux suppositories?

The ward sister who entered a patient's occupation as "Retired penicillin"?



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who has contributed to make this issue a success
and to wish you all*

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and a Prosperous 1962



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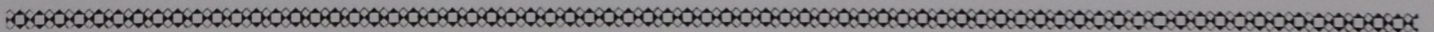
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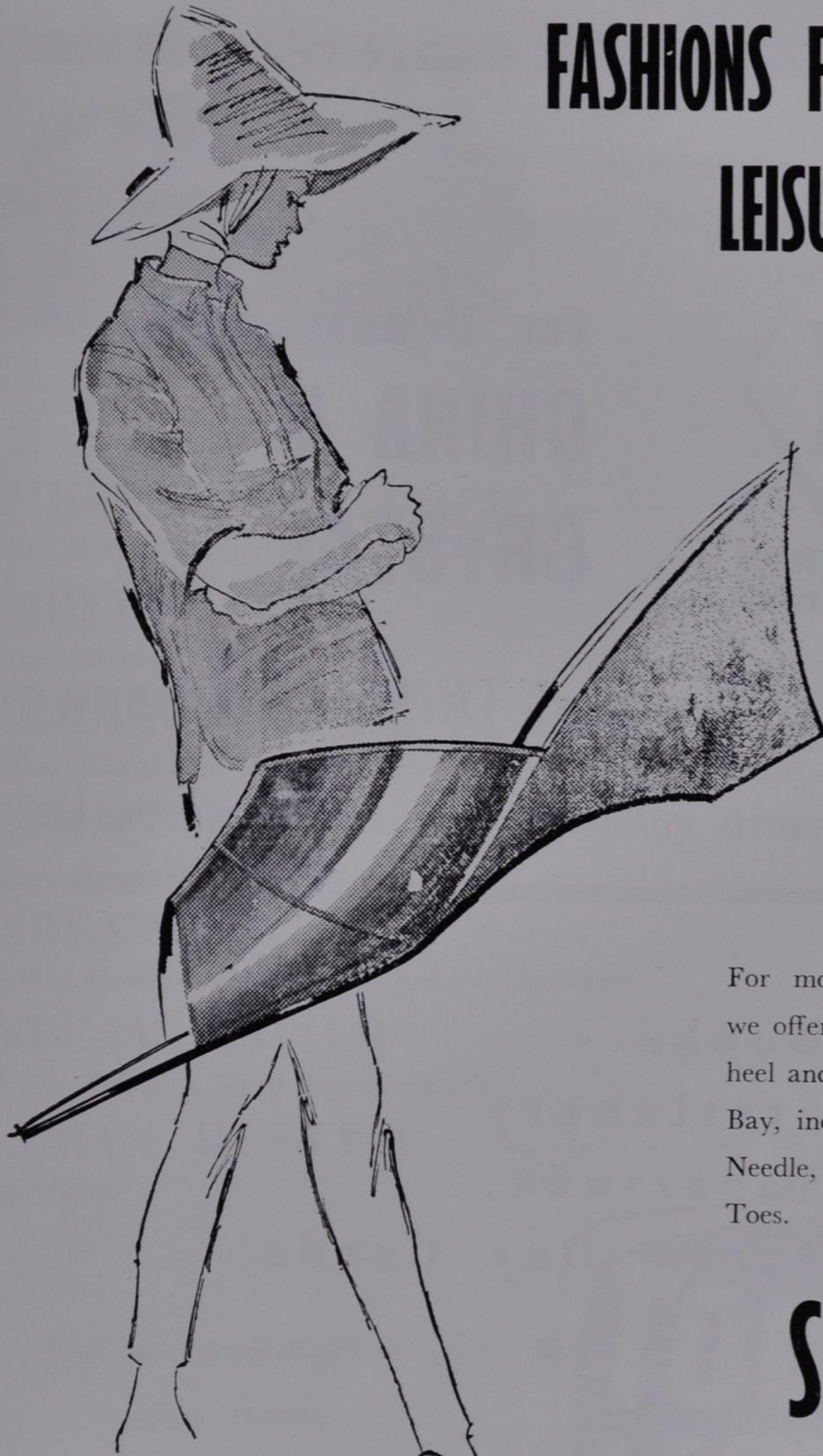
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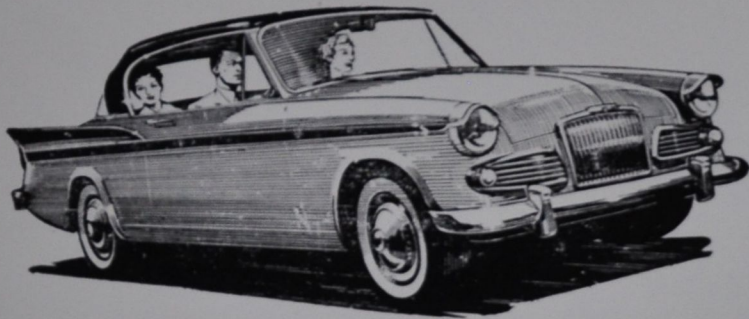
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